

Who Sent MISS EVA GRAU POISONED BON-BONS and Why?

Daughter of the Well Known Manager and Niece of the Grand Opera Impresario Received Package by Mail.

Beautiful Girl Still in Her Teens, a Favorite in New Rochelle, Without a Known Enemy in the World.

Who is it that desires the life of Miss Eva Grau, the pretty seventeen-year-old daughter of Robert Grau, and niece of Maurice Grau, the famous impresario?

What man or woman, boy or girl, hates the young girl so that only her death will please them?

Some one does. Some one, actuated by murderous impulse or revenge, has tried to poison her. Who, her parents and she cannot imagine. So far as they know, Miss Grau has not an enemy in the world.

Robert Grau lives in a beautiful home at 22 Meadow lane, Rochelle Park, New Rochelle. His daughter, still a school-girl, is one of the most popular of the young set of that aristocratic suburb.

It was today that the postman brought to the house a tightly wrapped square package about six inches in length and three inches broad.

It was addressed to her, but in her eagerness to see what it was the tore of the wrapper without noting the character of the handwriting.

Inside were two small boxes, two inches by three inches wide. They were marked "Regina Manufacturing Co.," and were filled with confections each about the size of the girl's pretty little finger nail.

With an exclamation of delight Miss Grau ran to her mother. "I wonder who sent me this lovely present," she exclaimed, as she took one of the bonbons from the box.

Just as she was raising it to her mouth, a side noticed that it contained a small hole.

"He hesitated and her mother saw it also.

"Don't touch it," exclaimed Mrs. Grau. "Don't. There may be something the matter with the candy."

The mother and daughter then examined the candy. In each of the bonbons a small hole had been bored and a cavity hollowed out of the center. Each of these cavities was filled with a whitish powder resembling arsenic or strychnine.

When Mr. Grau returned in the evening he was told of the facts and immediately all of the candy to be analyzed. Their reports have not yet been received, but local physicians who have seen samples of the same thing declare that the candy is undoubtedly poisonous.

Druggist Coutant, who made a superficial examination of the candy, said that some of the pellets were undoubtedly filled with some white substance. He said it would take several hours to determine whether there was poison in them. Mrs. Grau and the druggist tasted the candy, but could detect nothing suspicious.

Mrs. Grau to-day was inclined to regard the matter lightly and discredited the poison theory.

There is no clue to the sender. When Miss Grau opened it she destroyed the address so that it cannot be pieced together.

The family scouts the idea that any girl acquaintance of Miss Grau could be actuated by jealousy, because they say she has no sweetheart, and is too young for any man to pay her serious attention.

So far as she knows she has not an enemy in the world. The young girl is inclined to believe some one was trying to play a joke on her.

DENVER HAS 27,146 MORE PEOPLE NOW.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 27.—The population of Denver, Col., as just announced by the census bureau, is 133,949, against 106,803 in 1890. This is an increase of 26.4 per cent.

Full Down Elevator Shaft.

George Leitch, thirty-eight years old, 424 Avenue C, fell through the elevator shaft from the third floor to the bottom in W. W. Street this afternoon, sustaining a concussion of the brain and other injuries. He was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital.



One of the boxes that contained poisoned bonbons

NEW SCHARN SUSPECT.

(Continued from First Page.)

tragedy. The most painstaking investigation among the intimates of the dead girl fails to throw the least light upon the identity of the stranger.

Fred Scharn is the only one whom the police know who can tell. With the strange perversion which has marked him since his arrest he keeps silent. The police are looking for the murderer among the friends of her brother.

MYSTERY OF JULIA LANG.

Julia Lang, the friend of Miss Scharn, to whom the police have shown great interest, returned home for a few hours but left again today with a detective, after a search of the house and the person for which she is hidden are kept a good secret.

Detective Sergeant Wells, who has had charge of Julia Lang, announced several hours later that she had been at last eliminated from the case. She had given an explanation of her trouble with Julia Scharn, which was not concerning Lincoln Price, the factory knife sweet-heart. Miss Lang said the detective is engaged to a respectable young man and has gone on a vacation so as to avoid further publicity.

It is not improbable that Miss Lang is still aiding the police in investigating the murdered girl's friends.

"Teddy" Nelson, the undertaker's assistant, whose story that he was told by a woman that she had seen the Scharns lighting on Saturday afternoon was regarded as important, has been entirely discredited. He is believed to be simply a notoriety seeker.

SCHARN KNOWS.

"I firmly believe that Frederick Scharn knows more about the murder of his sister than any man yet has uncovered," Police Inspector Haring today indicated the trend of the police search in the foregoing words. They are now making a diligent search among the friends for the sister's secret and are now giving up her by Louis Price. The Scharns have never been seen since the murder and it is supposed the murderer is hiding in the city.

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MRS. PRICE TALKS.

Mrs. Nellie Price, wife of Lincoln Price, brother of Kate Scharn, was seen at her home, 133 West 10th Street, today by an Evening World reporter. Since the story was made public that Mrs. Price several years ago had charged her husband with attempting to strangle her she has kept in seclusion and the detectives have declined her to say anything to any outsider.

Mrs. Price is a fine looking woman with dark brown hair and bright brown eyes. She is thirty-eight, but scarcely looks to be thirty. "I haven't anything to tell," said she, "though I have been visited at different times by Detective-Sergeants Wells and Farley, who cautioned me not to say anything to the press. As to whether my husband ever attempted to strangle me, all I have to say is that we disagreed and separated. You can let Mr. Price do all the talking. My friends know me and what I am. I have no hostile feeling against Mr. Price whatever."

HUSBAND AND WIFE STABBED

Father of the Woman Beaten in a Fight Used a Knife.

Andrew Train, fifty years old, a seaman, machine-maker, while intoxicated last night, went to the home of his daughter, Mrs. Julia Morris, at 411 West Fifty-sixth street, and stabbed James Morris, the woman's husband, in the stomach, and Mrs. Morris in the right leg.

The woman pursued her father downstairs and beat him with a hairbrush. Morris is a seaman and stronger than Train, and soon subdued his superior.

Train was a furnished room somewhere in the city that he has been in the habit of spending a good deal of time at the home of his daughter. While there today he and Morris got into a quarrel as they sat talking. Mrs. Morris sat with her father near them. They exchanged blows only a little time, and the men fought around the room to the door of the wife.

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'TERROR OF KIDS' TRIED.

Police Commissioner Powers Arraigned for Intoxication and Disorder in Race Riot.

Police Commissioner W. H. Powers, of the Mayor's street station, was charged by Acting Chief of Police of the West Philadelphia, arrested at once, with a charge of intoxication and disorder in the night of the race riot that was on from this afternoon before Commissioner Abel of Police Headquarters.

Powers is the policeman who arrested a little girl in an east side park for picking leaves off the trees about a month ago.

Powers refused to leave on an order of the court, when the police were dispersing a crowd and he was charged with a disorderly conduct and arrested by Commissioner Abel of the North Philadelphia.

ROMANIA WARLIKE.

Makes Demands on Bulgaria and Expresses Doubt of That Country's Good Faith.

SOFIA, Bulgaria, Sunday, Aug. 26.—Romania's attitude in the Bulgarian Government's attitude in the alleged blackmailers and re-demands that be immediately prosecuted.

The note also expresses doubt of Bulgaria's good faith.

Pell Four Stories and Was Killed.

Laetitia Bonadelle, fifty years old, of 66 Baxter street, fell from a fourth-story window at his residence this morning and was instantly killed. His skull was crushed in.

BOERS' LAST STAND; GEN. OLIVIER TAKEN.

Roberts Reports Terrific Battle All Day Sunday East of Pretoria.

LONDON, Aug. 27.—A desperate battle with the Boers is going on in the Lydenburg district in the Transvaal. Lord Roberts reports today, while he announces the capture of the Boer chief, Olivier, in the Orange State. Gen. Botha is defending a line thirty miles long and has three "Long Toms" and many rapid-fire cannons.

The fight began Sunday morning with a general attack from three points by the British. It lasted all day until dark, the Boers making a determined stand, realizing that this is a final effort.

Their force is estimated at 30,000 men, while the British number three times as many.

Lord Roberts is in personal command of the operations and wires as follows:

HOTEL VENDOME TRAGEDY WAS CAUSED BY RUM.

(Continued from First Page.)

did everything in my power to make him behave himself, but he simply would not.

"They were drunk around Kid McCoy's place all the time, and Manager Walsh, who knew them well in Chicago, tried to help me to get them to quit. Finally I induced Jack to come and live in the same house that I did. I thought that would have some influence, but it didn't.

THREATENED SUICIDE.

"Two weeks ago," she continued, "I received a telephone message saying that Jack had tried to kill himself, as he had often threatened to do. The message said that he had been taken to the New York Hospital, but that his injuries were not serious and he would be able to leave the hospital the next day. I subsequently learned that he sent the message himself, and it is strange I did not recognize his voice. After he had hung up the transmitter she was in Kid McCoy's at the time he turned and remarked to a friend:

"There, I guess that will square me for not going home to-night."

"I feel completely heartbroken at the tragedy. Jack was a splendid fellow, and until he began to drink was a successful business man and as honest as the day. He had hosts of friends and was generally beloved.

There is no doubt in my mind that he committed the act when in a drunken frenzy. He had been melancholy ever since he began his debauch and seemed to have a homicidal mania. I thought he would outgrow it.

Miss Hayes said that Eason imagined his friend was paying attention to her.

"But this is not true," said Miss Hayes. "Jealousy and drink were the causes leading to the tragedy."

Miss Hayes before going to the hospital to see Stridiron, visited the scene of the tragedy at the Vendome. She wept as she gazed at the dead body, but recovering herself directed that it be taken to Winterbottom's undertaking rooms, and she would see that it received proper burial.

Stridiron recovered consciousness in the hospital this afternoon and made his statement to the Coroner:

"I came on here for the Fitzsimmons-Rubin fight. I met John Eason some two weeks ago. We drank together and went around together. I met him yesterday afternoon. I got him a room at the Vendome and signed for his meals.

"This morning, at about 3 o'clock, he came to my room and wanted to drink. We went out together and went over to O'Rourke's and had something to eat. Then we got an automobile and went for a ride, and rode out to Riverside Drive from 5 until 9 o'clock. I told him I wanted a clean collar and he said he wanted one also, and he bought me one. We went into the hotel and I got both of our keys. I handed him the key to his room and he said:

"I want to go to your room," and I said: "John, you have a room of your own." He said: "I want to go to your room to lie down."

"We then got into my room. He threw himself on the bed and I stood in front of the glass putting on my collar. While I was standing there he shot me from behind. The shot struck me in the back of the head. Before I could do anything he fired another shot at me.

"I ran out of the room into the hall, then into the next room, No. 209, and told some man there that I was shot and to send for a doctor. "After he fired the two shots at me he fired another shot, and I saw him stagger toward the window. He then staggered back and fell toward the door. It was then I ran out into the hall.

"On Saturday afternoon he told me that he had attempted to commit suicide, but had been stopped. He did not tell me when or where. He had been drinking very heavily for the past month. He also asked me to telephone to a girl on West Forty-eighth street, near Broadway, that he had attempted to commit suicide.

Shortly after I had telephoned we were at McCoy's saloon, Broadway and Fortieth street, and this girl came into the side door. She said to Eason, 'I want my pin.' He and she went out together."

"While we were riding in the automobile this morning I told me that he expected to get \$50,000 to give to this girl. We had a police officer with us in the automobile. A week ago I took a revolver from him and gave it to O'Rourke to keep for him. Eason had no money or jewelry of any kind. I never saw him with any jewelry."

The double tragedy was the result of murderous frenzy, induced by jealousy and excessive drinking.

SHOT FRIEND TWICE.

Elevator Boy Turnbull rushed into the corridor of the hotel at 9:30 o'clock and hurriedly motioned a clerk into his car.

"There is trouble in room 307," he said.

When they reached the eighth floor they met Stridiron reeling from the room. He held his hands to his head. His face was covered with blood.

"That man in there shot me twice. He's killed himself. I don't know what it's all about."

The man gasped. His breath came weakly.

Through an open door Eason's dead body was seen stretched out on the floor.

The dead lay toward the window. Beneath it was a pool of blood.

Stridiron fell into the arms of the elevator boy.

Stridiron was hurried to New York Hospital. Both his wounds were pronounced mortal. His wonderful vitality alone keeps him up. When the doctors heard that he had preserved consciousness long enough to give an account of the shooting they marvelled greatly.

Eason was pronounced dead by the ambulance surgeon. He had sent the bullet through his right temple and straight through his brain.

A STRANGE LETTER.

The police took charge of the body for the Coroner. In his pocket was found a note that showed his intention of committing suicide. It read:

"Sunday, Aug. 26.

"The better the day the better the deed. The world and my friends will be well rid of me. Those who have been kind will forgive me, as I hope God will. I am a failure."

The note was neither signed nor addressed.

The suicide and his victim were dressed in the height of fashion. Both were guests of the hotel, which is one of the fashionable hostilities on upper Broadway.

Three days ago Eason registered at

MRS. COLGATE TO BE THE QUEEN'S LADY-IN-WAITING.

Queen Victoria Honors Countess Strafford, Whose Late Husband Met a Tragic Death.



Society is in a flutter over the report that Lady Strafford is to be made a lady-in-waiting to Queen Victoria. The appointment is expected to be announced shortly.

Countess Strafford is the widow of Earl Strafford, who was killed by being run over on a railroad about a year ago. He had been married only six months at the time.

Before her marriage to the Earl, who was much her senior in years, Lady Strafford was well known in society here as the widow of the late Samuel O. Colgate, a millionaire merchant who left her a fortune.

She was much sought after on account of her musical talent as well as her great beauty. Much of her time was spent abroad, where she met the aged Earl of Strafford.

The Earl was infatuated, and his stately manner of courting her won before his marriage to his wealthy, talented and handsome wife.

But he that as it may, he went about his duties as the devoted servant, adviser, and friend of Queen Victoria, who was deeply attached to his wife following her death and announced that as he had been her senior suitor and consequently in line to be lord-in-waiting this lady should succeed to the title. She is so shortly to assume as his widow.

the hotel from Boston. He had no luggage but a dress-suit case. His appearance indicated wealth and refinement. Most of his time was spent about the bar.

When Stridiron registered Saturday night they spent the night drinking together.

Sunday afternoon they resumed their spree, and spent the entire afternoon in each other's company.

Nothing was seen of them last night, but this morning they breakfasted together.

They left the hotel at 5:30 o'clock, but returned in half an hour. After a few moments in the rotunda they went to Stridiron's room, No. 307, on the Forty-first street side of the hotel.

It was hot in the room and Eason removed his coat and vest, then his collar and necktie.

His appearance was noted by a bell boy who went to the room in response to a call shortly after the men reached it.

Shots rang out. The door was partly open and the lad could see Eason standing in his shirt sleeves at the open window.

When he knocked Eason walked quickly toward the door and shouted "Get out!"

He had gone down the hall only a few steps when the shots rang out. Before Stridiron lapsed into unconsciousness he asked that his friend, Senator John O'Malley, of the Imperial Hotel, be telephoned for.

Senator O'Malley was reached just as he was leaving the hotel. He called a cab and drove at once to New York Hospital.

STRIDIRON A WIDOWER.

(Special to The Evening World.) CHICAGO, Aug. 27.—H. H. Stridiron leaves two daughters, aged fourteen and sixteen years, now living with his sister, Anna C. Stridiron, at 119 Seeley avenue. Stridiron formerly lived at 902 Jackson Boulevard, until

Help Wanted—Male.

DIED.

SHIP CARPENTERS wanted at BARTON Dry Dock, Perth Amboy, N. J.

FRASER—REV. T. D. FRASER, Pastoral at Woodrow, S. I., Tuesday at 2 o'clock. 1230 West, Union Island ferry, connecting with train for Hingham.

No place like home! No place to get one like the Sunday World's House and Home Wants.

A MILLION DIVIDEND.

The Metropolitan Trust Company is paying a dividend of 50 per cent. in cash to-day on behalf of the Readjustment Committee to all creditors of Price, McPherson & Co., who have filed their claims.

A TRANSPORT OVERDUE.

U. S. Ship Californian Sailed from San Francisco, but Has Not Reached Manila.

MANILA, Aug. 27.—The United States transport Californian, which sailed from San Francisco July 17, via Honolulu, July 27, for Manila, is now a week overdue.

The Philippine Commission are publishing a portion of President McKinley's instructions to themselves.

New Fall Dress Goods.

Exceptional Display of the New Fall Grays, the fashionable color in Dress Goods for the coming season,

25 styles of stripes, 22 styles of checks and plaids in every conceivable fabric, foreign and domestic, from the lightest silver tints, to the darkest Oxfords.

Prices 50c., 68c., 75c., 85c., \$1., \$1.25, \$1.35, \$1.50, \$1.65 up to \$4.25.

All 54 to 56 inches wide.

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LADIES' DEP'T.

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LADIES' TAILOR-MADE SUITS.

One special lot in black and navy Cheviots and Venetians, fly-front coats, 34 and 36 sizes only, \$9.75

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\$12.00

FALL SUIT OR TOP COAT MADE TO ORDER

Twelve dollars now; more later on; \$30 at the average tailor store. We sell at reduced prices twice a year ONLY, between seasons, to keep our full force of cutters and tailors together for the rush that every season brings us. Now our Fall stock is all in order, and up to the time of the Fall opening every piece is included in the special price offer.

A FALL SUIT Made to Order \$12.00 Conceded OR TOP COAT in Our Best Style, Value \$30.

and which we make at no other time than our two sales for less than \$15.00. Every pattern is new and shown in the full piece. All the fashionable Fall styles in Cassimere and Unfinished Worsted. Also an extensive assortment of black goods in Vicuna, Diagonal (that will not gloss), Thibet, and heavy weights in Melton, Kersey, English Worsted and Whipcord. None of the exclusive "Fall Openings" to come will offer finer goods; no buyer of a \$10.00 suit will be better dressed than those who seize this opportunity.

Time of Sale Positively Limited.

Cohen & Co.

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Facts about Politics

Every American citizen with the welfare of his country at heart should inform himself upon the political situation.

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